

Of letters and regrets

by africaflower77

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Summary: In Robin: Year One, after the Two-Face incident, ever wonder what Bruce is thinking when Alfred reads him Dick's letter? Why is it that you never know what you have, until it's gone? One-Shot

Of letters and regrets

****AN:** Hey guys! This wasn't planned, but on April 9, it's my 1 year anniversary on fanfiction, and I just read Robin: Year One (Epicnesss!), sooo...here this is!**

****Hope y'all enjoy!****

****Disclaimer:** Do I look like I could own Robin: Year one? Yeah I thought so. Also, all song rights go to Passenger.**

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><p>"Dear Bruce," Alfred began in a somber voice while the Manor's Master turned his head to a near window.

"**I guess it's time for me to move on.**"

Bruce licked his dry lips as he stared out. Yet, no matter how hard he tried, instead of seeing the lovely paradise, he saw the broken and tattered body of a young child. He saw his face marred with blood.

"**I'm not sure what I'm supposed to do if I'm not allowed to help you anymore.**"

What did he mean? He could live a normal childhood â€" more than that actually. Live the childhood only the ward of a billionaire could get.

Dick could spend his days talking about girls, playing with friends, and focusing on school.

"**Alfred doesn't need to worry about entertaining me and taking care of you too." **Alfred's voice hitched the slightest fraction of a millimeter as he read that line. It was practically invisible but Bruce still detected it.

Did Dick seriously think he was a burden? If anything his light and brightness lit the manor like the fourth of July.

Bruce's eyes widened the slightest bit at his thought. He hadn't even realized the full impact that child had made in this manor Bruce called homeâ€|until that child had left.

And with the light gone, everything had resumed like before.

No not like before. That would require Bruce to feel the same as before. Dark and empty. In Dick's words, 'A walking zombie'.

Bruce swallowed softly. No he was worse than before.

_You only need the light when it's burning low, _

"**You don't want a partner.**"

Bruce's face became more solemn if possible.

Those words weren't true.

But it was what he'd led Dick to believe. He'd never told him that he'd enjoyed having him as a partner.

That after Dick was benched, Bruce missed his constant chatter and playful humor.

That he even missed the horrible puns Dick made while in combat with Gotham's crazies. Those same puns that had Bruce's cheek muscles twitching as he fought the urge to laughâ€|while in uniform.

These days the cave was far too silent. The pitter-patter of socks announcing Dick's arrival after taking a shower no longer existed.

A mess of dark lock covering bleary blue orbs that would soon close and become enveloped in deep slumber while working on a case were absent as well.

The days when Bruce sparred with a cheerful boy â€" whom he'd once in awhile let win if only for said boy's pleasure â€" seemed as if they had occurred in another reality.

Heck Bruce even missed Dick playing video games on the batcomputer.

Should Bruce have left Dick as his partner? Was it even right for him to allow a child to put his life on the line night after night?

No.

Had Bruce _wanted_ to keep his partner?

Yes.

Only miss the Sun when it starts to snow.

Out of the corner of Dark azure eyes, Bruce saw Alfred inhale a quiet breath.

"**And you don't need a son.**"

Straining, Bruce fought to keep his gaze focused on the horizon. The words however - permanently inscribed in his mind - were flying from one pole of the earth to the other.

A son.

Dick had left thinking he had no purpose anymore. He'd been led to believe that if he couldn't be Batman's partner, then he was worthless.

Who had led him to believe so?

Gotham's so called White Knight.

'Because after all, Bruce Wayne didn't need a son, so what else did Dick think he had to offer?' Bruce thought bitterly.

Truthfully, he'd always tried to steer his mind away whenever it began sailing the waters of even entertaining the idea of thinking as Dick as his own.

Bruce's hadn't wanted to replace Dick's father " his dad. Not only was he not sure Dick would ever think of him that way, but he also wasn't worthy to share the title.

What type of sane father lets his child fight against people who were not only three times his size but also off the charts when it came to human sanity on a _daily_ basis?

What kind of dad lets his son be beaten within a centimeter of death with a _baseball bat_ by a maniacal man, when that child should have been Bruce?!

Two-face had only hurt Dick in order to get to Bruce. He knew that he inflicted pain on Robin then he would cause the Dark Knight agony.

But Bruce had realized that in order for that to happen " in order for him to hurt when Dick was caused pain " he had to care for Dick.

He had to _love_ him.

Bruce hadn't even realized how deep Dick had truly rooted himself in his heart, until he'd practically lost him. Bruce had _seen_ _Dick_ _flatline_ for goodness sake.

So he'd done the only thing he could think of. The only thing he thought he could do that would result in never having to see Dick suffer and be caused agony again.

Batman fired Robin.

Even though Bruce hadn't known it at the time, he'd been acting the part of a Dad trying to protect his son.

Had Dick known so though?

Maybe Bruce didn't need a sonâ€|but it could just be that he wanted one.

And he also knew who he wanted as his son.

Only know you love him when you let him go,

I'm sorry I failed you.

Allred's criticizing eyes could just be felt by Bruce, piercing him to the core.

Dick was sorry _he_ had failed Bruce? Shouldn't it have been the other way around?

It was Bruce who had failed him at his direst time of need.

Bruce had seen blood literally fly from Dick mouth; he'd heard the sickening _multiple_ cracks from his ribs being broken.

Watched as bruise after bruise littered the child's shattered body; the once bright and yellow cape rapidly becoming submerged in a sea of never ending blood.

Seen as soon, the only thing the broken bird could do, was to curl inward and become a tiny ball â€"desperately trying to block the blows out.

Bruce had carried the frail boy tightly and felt as his pulse deteriorated to the point where it disappeared.

Dick had failed _him? _No, Bruce had failed his partner.

I won't forget everything you've given me.

What had Bruce given him?

A torn childhood?

A guardian with so many issues that he gave a whole new meaning to the word 'hopeless'?

A home that could only provide materialistic needs and never the needs a child needed? Never comfort. Never love?

A false hope that Dick could become someone greater than himself â€" someone who helped others and strived to make Gotham a better place?

Bruce was the one who molded Dick into a crime fighter, he'd seen the outstanding potential within him, he'd watched as Dick grew to love it, and then _he_ had harshly ripped it from him in mere seconds.

If anything, it was Dick who had given Bruce things he would never forget.

He'd returned hope to Bruce.

With an optimistic smile, Dick had shown that he had a light that could brighten a room faster than the dark knight could send it into shadows.

Dick Grayson had thawed Bruce ice cold heart and taught him how to laughâ€|how to love again.

"**Thanks for teaching me how to be strong. Dick.**"

What had Bruce done?

What had he _done?_

His gaze still traveling out the window, the only thing he could focus on was the baby blue sky.

And all Bruce could think about was Dick - All he could think about was his child with his precious sapphire blue eyes that sent the very sky to shame

And you let him go.

* * *

><p>~AF

End
file.